

## Resource

### Appendix B: Act 1 Scene 3

#### IAGO

Go to, farewell, put money enough in your purse.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:  
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane  
If I would time expend with such a snipe  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor  
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets  
He's done my office. I know not if't be true,  
But I for mere suspicion in that kind  
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well,  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now,  
To get his place, and to plume up my will  
In double knavery. How? How? let's see:  
After some time to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife.  
He hath a person and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, framed to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,  
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose  
As asses are.  
I have't, it is engendered! Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

*(Exit.)*